

## Ranboo Traumatises The Watsons

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/33584248) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/33584248>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a> , <a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Ranboo &amp; Toby Smith</a>   <a href="#">Tubbo &amp; TommyInnit</a> , <a href="#">Toby Smith   Tubbo &amp; TommyInnit</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo &amp; Toby Smith   Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo &amp; TommyInnit</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot &amp; Technoblade &amp; TommyInnit &amp; Phil Watson</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo &amp; Toby Smith   Tubbo &amp; Wilbur Soot &amp; Technoblade &amp; TommyInnit &amp; Phil Watson</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Toby Smith   Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">They/Them Pronouns for Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Nonbinary</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">ranboo eats soap</a> , <a href="#">don't ask questions because I don't have answers</a> , <a href="#">Crack</a> , <a href="#">Crack Treated Seriously</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot eats sand (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">I'm back with the coriander eugenics AU</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - Dystopia</a> , <a href="#">beta read because that's epic</a> , <a href="#">Sleepy Bois Inc as Family</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo-centric (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of <a href="#">Coriander Society AU (don't ask, I don't know either)</a>
Stats:	Published: 2021-08-30 Completed: 2022-01-08 Words: 6,255 Chapters: 5/5

# Ranboo Traumatises The Watsons

by [AldiParmesan](#)

## Summary

*[This will make legitimately no sense unless you've read Coriander Hell]*

Ranboo eats soap. Tubbo has quite kindly informed *no one* of this. They really could've used some warning.

*or*

Four times Ranboo was caught eating soap (and one time they caught someone else)

## Notes

Warning! Tommy throws up but it's like literally one line at the end (not a joke)

I'm back on the grind! I don't know why I write this.

Anyway, cheers to Will, for putting themselves through betaing this. Lovely stuff.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## Tommy

Mainland culture was really fucking hard to find anything out about. It was unfair: Tommy knew that the rest of his family had full access to it, going on the internet as they liked and visiting town once a week and watching Netflix instead of stupid ancient CDs and doing other *mainland* things that Tommy should have been able to do *years* ago. It was *unfair* and he hated it.

Tommy had never spoken to a real mainlander. Sure, technically Phil had once been one of them, but that had been years ago, and he'd asked Wilbur and Techno what they'd been doing before they moved to Watson island but they refused to say *shit*.

But now, with the arrival of Tubbo and Ranboo, everything was going to change.

He would squeeze those mainlanders for every drop of information they had.

-

“Sorry, big man, but Phil *very specifically* told us not to tell you anything about the whole coriander-soap-mainland thing,” Tubbo shrugged, crossing his legs over Ranboo’s lap. It was late in the evening, and the three children were in the living room, Ranboo sat on the sofa with Tubbo splayed out and half-lying on top of them, Tommy sat opposite in a chair he’d stolen from the kitchen. The lights were turned off, all except a very bright lamp which was being shone at the mainlanders, just like they always did in those detective dramas from what Phil called ‘the before’. Tommy had assumed it’d make them more compelled to answer his questions or something, but apparently not.

“Oh come on, at least tell me something!” Tommy complained, crossing his arms. “We’re all gonna have to go back there someday, I can’t be the only one who doesn’t get to know *shit*!”

“Look, if I have the choice, I’m never going back,” Tubbo held up a hand to block the light. “*Trust* me when I say you don’t want to go there. Are we done? Because I want to go to sleep.”

Tommy let out a noise of rage. “Come on, at least tell me something! What about you, boob boy? You’ve got to have at least *something* you can tell me!”

Ranboo stayed silent.

“*Anything at all?*”

“Uh...” Ranboo looked like they were about to reply, but Tubbo shot them a glare, and they gulped nervously.

“This is unfair. This is so unfair,” Tommy flopped back into his chair, and it almost fell over. “How come everyone gets to know shit *except me?*”

“I wish I didn’t know anything,” Tubbo replied, getting to his feet. “I’m going to sleep, big man, this is *way* past my usual bedtime.”

“It’s only eight, though,” Ranboo frowned, looking up.

“And?” Tubbo glared.

He was met with silence.

“Thought so,” he muttered, walking off.

Tommy tried to continue his interrogation of Ranboo, but Tubbo - now dressed in his pyjamas - returned, physically dragging them away.

However, that was fine: Tommy would just have to try another day.

Ranboo was the weakest link.

Getting Ranboo alone was incredibly difficult when they were practically attached to Tubbo at the hip. From what Tommy had gathered, they hadn't actually known each other all that long, but apparently they knew each other well enough to *never be away from each other for more than five seconds* (and while it was true that Tommy was also rarely away from them for more than five seconds, it was completely different). Anyway, getting Ranboo alone was an absolute *nightmare*, but he'd finally found his solution.

Tubbo always went to bed at seven thirty PM, sharp.

Unfortunately that did *not* mean that Ranboo would miraculously be alone, as instead they'd spend the next however many hours sitting on their mattress playing *snake* on the old Nokia brick that Phil had gotten them (Tommy was not kidding when he said hours: he had no clue how Ranboo had the mental stamina to play it for so long). However, there was one teeny-tiny *two minute window* when Ranboo would be alone.

They would go to brush their teeth.

The only issue was the sheer amount of *waiting* that it took, Tommy having to *sit there* and *watch* to make sure he could catch Ranboo at the exact moment they left. Unlike Tubbo, Ranboo didn't have a set schedule that they followed, and on the first few nights he hadn't had the opportunity to get them alone, as they'd either brushed their teeth with Tubbo or do it after Tommy had gone to sleep (who the *fuck* played snake until three AM?), but today, Tommy had a good feeling.

And when Ranboo got out of bed at nine PM to head to the bathroom, Tommy knew he'd won.

Carefully, he crept to his feet, moving quietly so that he didn't wake Tubbo up. Thankfully, it wasn't too difficult, as Tubbo was a heavy sleeper, and he snuck out of the room and down the hallway, towards the sound of an electric toothbrush.

Ranboo was standing over the sink, completely oblivious to Tommy, even when he snuck in and shut the door behind him. It was only when the lock clicked that they turned around, jumping slightly.

“Oh- Hi Tommy! Are you here to brush your teeth?” they asked, looking ever so slightly nervous.

“We both know that’s not what I’m here for,” Tommy straightened his back, crossing his arms, and *fuck’s* sake, why the *hell* was Ranboo taller than him? It completely ruined his intimidation factor. Still, he could probably improvise.

“Do you want to take a shower or something..?” Ranboo asked, hopeful. “I’m almost done, if you want me to-”

“No, Ranboo, that’s *not* why I’m here,” Tommy took a threatening step forward, Ranboo taking one back. “I want you to tell me about the mainland.”

“But Tubbo and Phil-”

“Tubbo and Phil aren’t here, Ranboo,” Tommy replied, in a voice that was both soothing and incredibly creepy. “I’m not gonna tell anybody. Just tell me about the mainland, and I’ll unlock this door, and no-one has to get hurt.”

Meanwhile, while Tommy had been talking, Ranboo had turned around and started to clamber out of the bathroom window.

“What- This is unfair!” Tommy complained, trying to drag Ranboo back.

“I’m not going to tell you anything, Tommy!” Ranboo tried to elbow him off, swallowing their mouthful of toothpaste.

“Did you- Did you just swallow your toothpaste?” Tommy made a disgusted face, letting go of Ranboo, letting them fall to the floor. “Big man, that can kill you and shit, I’ll have you know!”

“It’s not toothpaste!” Ranboo protested.

“Then what the fuck is it? *Soap*?”

“Yes.”

Tommy paused, standing still for a moment, the entire world freezing.

“Is... Is that some fuckin’ mainland shit?” Tommy asked, slightly horrified.

Ranboo shrugged. “Well, I do it, and I’m a mainlander.”

Is this what those people had meant when they were yelling soap? Tommy could kind of understand why those people were so mad, if *this* was what a soap was.

“It tastes really good, actually,” Ranboo noticed the horrified look on Tommy’s face. “Your family has good taste in soap.”

Tommy stood there, thoughts running for a second more, before he finally talked.

“Does... Is it *edible*?” he asked.

“Well, I’ve eaten it for years, and I’m not dead, so probably,” Ranboo shrugged. “Wanna try some? It’s pretty good.”

If Tommy participated in their weird mainland rituals, maybe they’d open up about the mainland? Besides, Ranboo did look like they were enjoying themselves, so it probably wasn’t that bad anyway.

Tommy swallowed nervously. “...Sure, big man.”

They scrambled to their feet, clearly excited about being able to share their love for soap, getting the bottle of Strawberry Laces Carex Fun Edition (Technoblade refused to use any other soap, saying it was the best stuff out there) and holding it out, ready to squeeze into Tommy’s hands.

“You’re sure it’s safe?” Tommy asked, still cautious.

“Yep!” Ranboo replied cheerily, and it was now or never.

Tommy held out his hand, Ranboo giving him a generous dollop, which he gave a cautious sniff. Well, it *smelt* like soap, although slightly fruity, but decently pleasant, so even if it wasn’t particularly *good*, it probably wouldn’t be terrible.

He put it in his mouth, and it did *not* taste at *all* like strawberry laces, and oh god-

Tommy rushed over to the toilet, barely managing to make it before he threw up.

# Technoblade

## Chapter Summary

Technoblade was done.

## Chapter Notes

HAHAHA anyway funny story I didnt update for a month, oops, oh well, and also this update is gonna be really blimming short because it is.

there will be a second update like. tomorrow. I do have all but the last chapter prewritten, it's just hard to find the time to beta it bc school has started up and it is a mess

anyway, cheers to william for betaing this chapter, and also for being a major point of inspiration for ranboos character

Tommy being ill wasn't really anything new.

Out of everyone in the family, he got ill the most. It wasn't necessarily that he had a weak immune system, just that he'd do things like go swimming in winter and not dry off afterwards, or eat so many blackberries that he'd end up lying on the living room carpet for a few hours trying to recover, or he'd try to copy Wilbur and eat sand and end up with goddamn *worms* for the fifth time in a year-

(No-one knew how Wilbur could survive eating sand. Technoblade was pretty sure that Wilbur was meant to be dead, and would have died long ago if not for the fact that the gods wanted to keep him as far away as possible from the afterlife).

Anyway, thankfully, this time it *wasn't* sand-induced worms, but it appeared that Tommy had eaten *something* bad - and judging by the glares he kept sending Ranboo, it was probably their fault. Still, Tommy was ill, and that meant Technoblade was going to make his signature

chicken and potato soup (which in all honesty was more potato than chicken, but if the people of the house didn't like it, they could make their own).

He'd taken a seat at the kitchen table, his old battered copy of *The Art Of War* in his hands as he made sure the soup didn't boil over, when Ranboo walked in.

“Soup’s not ready for another half hour,” Techno called out, flipping his page. “If you’re hungry, we have bread.”

“Oh, uh, thanks,” Ranboo acknowledged him, moving over to put a slice in the toaster, sitting down next to Technoblade.

They continued in silence for a second, Technoblade occasionally tossing Ranboo a glance, the other fidgeting with a loose thread in the jumper that Wilbur had lent them. Usually, if he was sitting with Tommy or Wilbur, Techno would be dragged into some sort of conversation, or at least find himself getting ranted at, but Ranboo was... quiet. It was a nice change, really - not that he disliked his time spent with his two brothers - but he appreciated the calm, slouching further into his chair.

Suddenly, there was a shriek, and Technoblade leapt out of his seat - reflexes from his days in the resistance springing into action - when he realised it was just Ranboo getting jumpscared by the toaster.

“Did you have to scream like that?” Technoblade asked, picking up his book from where he'd dropped it. Crap, he'd lost his page...

Ranboo didn't respond, getting up to retrieve their toast.

“Butter’s in the fridge if you need it,” Technoblade wasn’t really concentrating, flicking through *The Art of War* in search of his page. He wasn’t paying any attention at all as Ranboo walked over to the sink, until he heard a distinct *squirt* sound, a lemony scent entering the air, the kind that only came from...

No.

No.

He was *not* dealing with another one of his goddamn housemates eating *weird ass crap*.

He didn't even need to see what Ranboo was doing to understand that they were currently crunching on toast that was absolutely *lathered* in fairy liquid, the smell of slightly burnt bread and *lemon soap* mixing together like some sort of incredibly cursed flavoured candle that Wilbur would make him sniff at the supermarket. He was done. He was leaving. Screw the soup, if it boiled over it, it boiled over, he needed some goddamn *air*.

Ranboo gave Techno a weird look as he stumbled out of the kitchen.

# Wilbur

## Chapter Summary

“Are you... looking for something?” Wilbur asked, breaking the awkward silence.

Ranboo gulped, clearly considering whether or not they should answer, before they started to talk. “Uh... Do you know where the soap is?”

## Chapter Notes

HE'S A SAAAND EATER, MAKE YOU WORK HARD, MAKE YOU SPEND HARD, MAKE YOU WISH YOU NEVER MET HIM AT ALL- (/lyr)

Anyway, wilbur chapter! his addiction to eating sand is a representation of my childhood addiction to voring the shit out of them little sweetner packets from macdonalds like they were hard drugs or something

big thanks to will for betaing this chapter, lovely stuff!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur had been banned from eating sand. He'd been banned long ago, educated on the health issues related to it, and even had family physically restrain him from eating it (well, only Techno, Phil was too nice).

Unfortunately, it is very hard to stop someone from eating sand when you live on an island.

The house was cold as Wilbur snuck down the stairs, wearing a jumper and the fluffiest socks he owned, not even turning on the lights to make sure that he didn't wake anyone up. Padding through the kitchen, he grabbed a bowl and a pair of crocs, making sure the keys didn't jangle as he unlocked the back door and stepped out into the night. Waves crashed somewhere in the distance, and Wilbur turned towards them, humming to himself.

Even if he were to stop eating sand, Wilbur didn't think he'd stop these night walks: they were one of the few times he could *truly* be alone on the island. He made sure to stay away from the water, walking down the beach until he found a spot he liked, taking a seat and just... watching the ocean for a bit. Moonlight danced in thin stripes on the water, and in the distance he could see the faint glow of the mainland in the distance, the milky way bright overhead. He remembered his first time seeing it: he must've been younger than Tommy at the time, on his first night on Watson island, gazing awestruck at the sky from the window of his new room.

Deciding that he'd had enough of sitting around, he took his bowl, scooping up a good portion of dry sand (and if he shoved a handful in his mouth, no one needed to know), getting up and heading back towards the house.

Wilbur nearly shat himself when he saw that the lights in the kitchen were on.

Okay, this had happened before. He would be fine. If it was Phil, he could always just wait him out. Techno was a little more difficult: he was usually kept up by nightmares and flashbacks, and he wouldn't sleep at *all* on those nights, so Wilbur's best bet would just be to eat his sand outside and pretend that he'd been on a nice night walk. The easiest and most difficult member of the family was Tommy, who would usually just come downstairs, stuff his face with Phil's secret chocolate stash (or, if he found where Techno hid them, he'd chug the sprinkles) and then go back upstairs. It usually only took ten minutes, however he also had some sixth sense for spotting Wilbur in the dark, which often meant he'd end up waking up the entire house as he tried to catch Wilbur's attention from inside.

He couldn't see who it was from where he was standing, so he began to hesitantly creep towards the window. As he got closer, he still couldn't see anyone: had someone just forgotten to turn the lights off? Stepping even closer, he peered in until he was essentially pressed against the glass, before looking down, making direct eye contact with Ranboo.

Ranboo, who was currently up to their shoulders in the under-sink cupboard, cleaning supplies scattered around them in an incriminating circle. They looked understandably terrified, considering how fucking scary it'd be to look up and see some fully grown man with his face entirely pressed against the window of the room you were in at what was probably about three AM by now.

Wilbur gave them a little wave.

They looked like they were seconds away from a heart attack.

Wilbur hoped that they at least wouldn't wake anyone up while having it. Luckily, when Wilbur pushed open the door to step inside, Ranboo had *not* woken anyone, still sitting in paralysed silence. There was a long, awkward moment as they stared at each other, Wilbur holding his bowl of sand in one hand and Ranboo's arms still partially in the cupboard from where they were rummaging.

"Are you... looking for something?" Wilbur asked, breaking the awkward silence.

Ranboo gulped, clearly considering whether or not they should answer, before they started to talk. "Uh... Do you know where the soap is?"

Wilbur walked up to their other cupboards, specifically the overhead ones, reaching into the gap between them and the ceiling to pull down a refill pack of Carex. He tossed it to Ranboo.

"...Thanks," they said, Wilbur giving them a nod of acknowledgement. He could probably just go up to his room to eat his sand: Ranboo didn't know what he was up to, Ranboo wouldn't stop him. It'd be easy to-

What was Ranboo doing with that soap?

Ranboo had gotten to their feet, standing over by a cupboard with a teacup, and they'd unscrewed the lid from the refill pack and were currently *pouring its contents into it*. Wilbur's brain didn't have time to connect the dots before they were lifting it to their mouth, taking a long sip, and Wilbur was almost impressed with how they hadn't made a face.

"Want some?" Ranboo offered the pack to him, and Wilbur stared blankly, blinking.

“Oh, uh- No. Thanks for the offer, though,” Wilbur responded, needing a sit down, stumbling into a kitchen chair. Okay, after seeing *that*, he definitely deserved his sand. He didn’t even bother to get a spoon, just straight up lifting a handful to his mouth and chewing.

When Ranboo stared at him, he stared straight back.

“...Why are you eating sand?”

“I like the crunch,” Wilbur replied.

Ranboo’s face turned thoughtful, their lips forming a pinched line, before they seemed to accept the answer and turned back to their cup of soap.

The two of them ended up walking up the stairs together, and Wilbur felt a strange feeling of comradery between them.

#### Chapter End Notes

every time I write this I question what I'm doing with my life. so many things I could be doing with my time, and I write fanfic about funny little minecraft men eating things that they Really Should Not Be Eating

# Phil

## Chapter Summary

“Is there something you all know that I don’t?” Phil asked, confused.

“Nothing at all, Mr. Watson,” Tubbo replied, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

## Chapter Notes

\*reappears from the void\* SO I did not mean to disappear for the month but turns out A levels are, unsurprisingly, difficult, and as both me and Beta Reader Wil are in both our exam years and in our exam seasons, it has been a nightmare to find time that we are both free and have enough energy to do this shit.

Anyway, this is probably my favourite chapter in this fic

(Cheers to William as always :))

Phil loved his kids.

It was difficult, raising three children alone on an island. Wilbur and Technoblade were easier: both had already been exposed to the mainland’s totalitarianism, so he didn’t need to shelter them. It was easy enough to keep Wilbur busy with online schooling, later making Techno (as his role in the resistance meant that he was currently an outlaw) sit in the background and attend with him. Tommy was harder: he couldn’t have online schooling like Techno or Wilbur (Tommy wasn’t registered on any systems: he didn’t even have a passport) so he was given lessons when either his brothers or Phil had the time.

Tubbo and Ranboo...

There was definitely space for them in his home. He couldn’t really put them anywhere else: he hadn’t talked to any of his old friends in a *very* long time, and for good reason. Most of them were either corrupt politicians, active members of the rebellion, or *dead*, which left the

safekeeping of the two children entirely on him - not that he particularly minded. He was glad to be able to save two more souls from the mainland, even if it was awfully sudden.

Still, two more people meant two more mouths to feed. No one else in the house really cooked. Wilbur was capable of feeding himself, but hated cooking with a passion, and Techno - for all his talents - would just try to add potatoes to *everything*. Tommy got bored easily, and caused more harm than good when he got involved, so Phil was usually left to make dinner alone.

But apparently, not today.

Phil could feel Tubbo's eyes burning into his back as he worked on cutting carrots. The teenager had wandered in not long after Phil had started working on dinner, and had been watching him the entire time.

"What're you making?" Tubbo asked, sitting in a chair backwards, arms folded on the backrest and chin sitting on top.

"Lasagna," Phil replied, continuing his chopping.

"You don't put carrots in lasagna," Tubbo frowned, continuing to watch as Phil set down his knife, having finished meal prep and moving on to frying the beef.

"Does it matter?" Phil asked, waiting for the oil to heat up in the pan.

"Yes," Tubbo replied monotonously, continuing his staring.

Phil tossed his mince in the pan, starting to push it around, and they fell into silence, save the quiet sizzling of the meat.

Okay, this was very awkward.

Phil sighed. "...Would you like to help?"

"Do you need help?" Tubbo asked, looking at what Phil was doing.

"I don't *need* it, but it'd be easier," Phil smiled, and Tubbo got to his feet.

"What do you need me to do, big man?" Tubbo asked.

"Just make sure the mince cooks through, I'll get started on the beef stock," Phil replied, stepping away from the frying pan to start the kettle.

Having two new faces in the house was nice, Phil thought to himself, pouring boiling water into a measuring jug. It was good for Tommy to have kids his own age around, and if there came a day where Tommy would finally need to go onto mainland, it'd be good for him to have friends that'd already been there.

Also, it was nice to have someone he could let help him cook. Back in the day, he used to do it with... He didn't cook alone, but nowadays none of his sons had any interest in helping with the cooking (or at least with cooking any food other than potatoes) so it was pleasant to have everything done twice as quickly. He managed to start the roux *before* the meat sauce was finished cooking for once, and Tubbo had noticed that they'd completely forgotten to grate the cheese, setting about putting it in a separate bowl. By the end of everything, their lasagna was in the oven half an hour early, and the two of them stood proudly, staring at their creation in the oven.

"I reckon that'll be the best lasagna I've made in years," Phil grinned, hands on his hips.

"At least until Ranboo gets their hands on it," Tubbo joked.

Phil raised an eyebrow. "What does Ranboo do?"

“You’ll see,” Tubbo shrugged. “I’m gonna go upstairs now, if that’s alright?”

Phil nodded. “I’ll call you down when it’s done.”

-

Forty five minutes later, the lasagna was done, and everyone was gathered around the kitchen table. They’d had to drag down the chair from the office and Wilbur’s ‘clothes chair’ a while back to make up for the lack of seats, the six of them sat around the table with the lasagna dead in the middle. Phil had gotten bored waiting for the lasagna to cook, so there was a side salad, and Technoblade had snuck down at some point, meaning that there was also a large bowl of boiled potatoes.

“It’s not burnt for once,” Wilbur remarked, lumping himself a big portion of lasagna.

Phil rolled his eyes. “I burnt it *one ti-*”

“Yeah, the other times, it was raw,” Techno butted in, and Phil could tell it was lighthearted.

“Just eat,” Phil leaned across the table to flick Techno on the forehead, who expertly dodged back.

“What’s the green stuff on the potatoes?” Tommy asked, pushing them around on his plate.

Ranboo, sitting next to Tommy, leaned over to look at them. “I think it’s dill.”

“Is that one of them fucking leaves?” Tommy asked, and Phil groaned internally. It was a nightmare trying to get Tommy to eat *anything* green, he was *definitely* going to reject the potatoes now.

Ranboo shrugged.

Tommy shoveled a potato into his mouth, thought for a second, chewed, made a pleased noise and then swallowed.

Phil breathed a sigh of relief.

“You don’t want any potatoes?” Techno asked, hand already reaching towards the serving spoon, noticing the empty space on Tubbo’s plate.

“Nah, I’m not a fan of leaf herbs,” Tubbo waved him away.

“Government trauma?” Technoblade asked.

“I just don’t like them,” Tubbo replied, and Techno muttered something that sounded suspiciously like ‘*weirdo*’ under his breath.

“Where’s the grater?” Ranboo asked, getting up from their seat.

“Cupboard to the right of the oven, parmesan’s in the back of the fridge,” Phil answered, hardly looking up from his food: the lasagna turned out pretty good, though it’d definitely taste better with a bit more cheese. He didn’t notice the look of disappointment that Tubbo was shooting in Ranboo’s direction, nor did he notice the fact that Ranboo didn’t get any parmesan out of the fridge.

“Can you grate me some, too?” Phil asked, pushing his bowl over to Ranboo as they returned to the table, already covering their lasagna in a heap of cheese.

“Sure!” Ranboo beamed, moving over to put some on Phil’s food. Tommy opened his mouth like he was about to say something, but Tubbo elbowed him in the ribs with a glare. That was a bit odd. Looking at the rest of the table, Technoblade was watching with a passive interest, while Wilbur looked like he was restraining himself from laughing, so Phil shot him a puzzled look, pulling his plate back towards himself.

“Is there something you all know that I don’t?” Phil asked, confused, as he picked up a forkful of his now thoroughly cheese-covered lasagna.

“Nothing at all, Mr. Watson,” Tubbo replied, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

“Alright,” Phil muttered, taking a bite of lasagna.

What the *fuck*.

“Ranboo, was that parmesan out of date?” Phil pushed away from the table, covering his mouth as he desperately rushed to go spit into the sink.

“Parmesan?” Ranboo asked, sounding confused.

“The cheese,” Phil elaborated, now rinsing out his mouth. There were repressed giggles coming from the table: there was no doubt that everyone else knew what was going on.

“What does cheese have to do with anything?” Ranboo asked, even more confused, and it sounded *genuine*.

“The stuff on the pasta,” Phil elaborated even *further*, and if it wasn’t cheese, what the fuck was it? If it was something dangerous, no-one would be laughing, but fucking *hell* was that revolting.

“Oh, that was soap,” Ranboo smiled, continuing to eat their lasagna happily. Were they eating *soap*? Surely this’d all been some sort of elaborate prank, they must’ve switched to soap *after* finishing grating the *actual* cheese onto their pasta - but all he could see on the table was the half-grated bar of soap.

“They’re eating soap too,” Technoblade said, seeing the question on Phil’s face.

“You have good taste in soap, Mr. Watson,” Ranboo complimented, taking another bite of their lasagna, and Phil watched in complete horror as they chewed and *swallowed*. What the hell had they done to this kid? They were just- eating soap! Like it was normal!

Someone needed therapy after this, and Phil wasn’t even sure it was Ranboo.

# Ranboo

## Chapter Summary

“Take this,” Wilbur said in the most serious voice they had ever heard, holding out a closed fist. Ranboo held out their hand, and Wilbur delicately placed whatever it was into it, pushing it back towards him.

It was sand.

## Chapter Notes

WOO! it's the end of Ranboo Eats Soap fic! I am free from corriander hell until I decide to come back to it!! which I unfortunately might because I have too many bloody ideas for this au. also ignore how it's been ~2 months since I last updated, mocks and shit hit harder than I thought they would

cheers to william for betaing as usual!! lovely stuff.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo woke up feeling warm.

They didn't want to move: there was a comfortable weight splayed across their chest, and they were surrounded by heat from every direction. It wasn't until the warmth started shuffling and they were blasted in the face with some of the worst morning breath they'd ever smelt that they finally opened their eyes.

Currently, they were all lying on top of Tubbo's mattress, Tommy absolutely splayed across them and Tubbo using their arm as a pillow. Tommy's DS was lying out of charge by their head from last night's Pokemon session, the three of them having played it well into the night, and evidently had passed out mid-gym battle. Tommy was currently producing the worst morning breath *ever*; so Ranboo wriggled out of the pile of bodies to go and brush their teeth.

That was when they realised someone else was in the bathroom.

The clock on their Nokia Brick read 5:58AM. While back on their family farm, this was a perfectly acceptable time to wake up, they'd quickly realised that the earliest that anyone around here woke up was seven thirty, and that was with a *lot* of coercion. And it wasn't just one person: there were voices, *plural*, coming from behind the door, whispering quietly about something, and Ranboo wasn't quite sure what. Carefully, they crept forwards, listening as hard as they could, not wanting to press their ear to the door but not very far off from doing exactly that.

*"Wilbur, this is the worst idea you've ever had, and that's saying something,"* one of the voices muttered.

*"Hey, maybe they were onto something!"* the other justified. *"Do you really want to miss out?"*

The first voice, sighed, shuffling around, before speaking. *"As a soap, I feel like I'm qualified to say that this will go terribly."*

The other voice made an indignant noise. *"Well, as a coriander, I'm qualified to say that I might actually enjoy this."*

*There was a groan. "I feel like that's less to do with you being a coriander and more to do with your messed up eating habits."*

*"Oh, like you can speak, Mister adds-potatoes-to-everything."*

*"Wilbur, there's a distinct difference between liking potatoes and eating sand,"* the other voice sounded almost disappointed, but not at all surprised.

*"Hey! There is nothing wrong with-"*

*“Someone’s at the door.”*

Ranboo flinched back, and there was the sound of shuffling behind the door before the lock clicked and they were yanked inside the bathroom by the collar of their shirt.

“Oh, thank *god* it’s Ranboo,” Wilbur sighed in relief, flopping against the bath. He was sitting on the floor, a selection of every soap in the house spread out in a circle around him along with what looked to be the entire contents of the spoon drawer. “Come here, you’re the professional, help me.”

“Professional? I don’t think you can be a professional soap-eater, Wil,” Technoblade sighed, letting go of Ranboo and locking the door. “Why am I even here...”

“Because if you’re in on it you can’t snitch to Phil,” Wilbur grinned smugly, clearly very proud of his logic.

Techno did not look nearly as impressed.

“Anyway, what do you say, Soapboo? Where do we start?”

Ranboo sat down.

The Watsons had a *wide* variety of soaps.

Back at home, Ranboo would at most have regular soap bars and maybe the occasional pack of Carex, but here? There were flavours Ranboo hadn’t even heard of (from what Wilbur was saying, there was a lot of ‘Tory’ flavoured soap, whatever that was), as well as some really unique kinds. Ranboo had never had soap with *bits* in but apparently *that* existed.

Wilbur seemed to be enjoying himself, which was nice. Even back at home, they hadn't been able to share their love of soap (their mothers would always politely decline when Ranboo offered them any food), so it was exciting to see someone who had the same passion as them. Wilbur had quite a simple taste: he didn't like the stuff with a lot of additives, but really enjoyed bar soap, as well as any of the stuff with the little bits in it.

"It reminds me of sand," he explained, taking another swig of the bottle.

"I haven't had sand before," Ranboo said, and Wilbur looked surprised.

"I can get you some to try sometime," Wilbur offered.

"That sounds nice."

In the background, Technoblade looked deeply, deeply disappointed.

Ranboo had nearly jumped back as the soap they'd been taking a sample of came out as *foam*, prompting Wilbur to burst out laughing and making a look of worry cross Technoblade's face.

"...You've never seen foaming soap before?" he asked, raising an eyebrow, and Ranboo shook their head.

"The supermarket near my house didn't really stock many, plus we barely ever went," Ranboo explained, and Technoblade looked a bit confused.

"How can you not go to the supermarket?"

"We lived on a farm."

A look of understanding crossed Techno's face. "...Say, you wouldn't happen to know anythin' about growing potatoes, would you?"

Wilbur looked distraught. "Technoblade, I don't know what it is with you and potatoes-"

"At least it's better than sand-"

"Well at least I've *stopped!*!" Wilbur interrupted, throwing his hands in the air.

Technoblade fixed him with a long, judging glance. "You're not subtle, Wilbur. My bedroom faces the beach. I can hear when you open the back door."

Wilbur glared back. "You have no proof it's me."

Technoblade pulled out his phone, typing something in. A moment later, Wilbur's pocket buzzed, and Ranboo peered over his shoulder as he opened the message Techno sent him. It was an image of impressively professional quality, definitely taken from a second floor window, picturing Wilbur - bowl of sand in his hand - walking back towards the house, a hand in his mouth. Ranboo couldn't make anything else out, because suddenly, Wilbur was across the room, throwing himself at Technoblade.

"GIVE ME THAT!"

"Nope," Technoblade grinned, hardly even moving as he dodged Wilbur's punches, holding his phone behind him where Wilbur couldn't reach it.

"DELETE THAT IMAGE-"

“What, on here?” Technoblade grinned, Wilbur still trying to reach around him. “It’s not gonna do anything, I’ve still got a copy on my camera and-”

Wilbur tried to make a mad dash for the door, but in a blur of motion, Technoblade tackled him to the floor, sitting on his back as Wilbur thrashed beneath him.

“Let me go-” Wilbur shrieked, and at that exact moment, the lock to the bathroom door clicked open, a very worried Phil and Tubbo standing on the other side.

“...Please tell me this isn’t what I think this is,” Phil sighed as he looked at where the soap bottles had scattered all over the floor from Techno and Wilbur’s fighting.

Tubbo looked on with tired eyes as Ranboo took a bite out of a particularly crunchy bar of soap.

It was a Saturday, which meant that none of the Watsons had any work to do. If you asked Ranboo, they would’ve said it was freezing outside, but apparently by British standards it was not.

“FU-” Tommy started to shriek, quickly silenced as Tubbo tackled him into the water: seeing as it was apparently a ‘sunny day’, the family had decided to go swimming. Tubbo and Tommy had taken to trying to kill each other in the shallows, Technoblade swimming far out with a pair of floaties on his arms (“These won’t save me if I start *drowning*, Wilbur,” Technoblade had rolled his eyes, but his brother had insisted), and Wilbur - the only rational one - having decided it was too cold, had got out of the water and was now making a sand castle.

Ranboo didn’t understand how the rest of them were doing it: the ocean *terrified* them, so they’d made the executive decision to sit as *far away* from its bottomless depths as possible, Phil giving them a sympathetic smile as he moved the towels and umbrella over to where they were sitting. He’d also told Wilbur to move back with them, saying something about “babysitting” him despite the fact he was definitely a grown adult.

The wind blew, and Ranboo shivered a little; how the rest of them were running around in swimsuits, they didn't understand. Wilbur had now turned around and was staring at them unblinkingly, and they tensed, watching his blank face with caution.

His hand came up with a slight beckoning motion.

Ranboo looked over to Phil. Phil was sitting too far away for Wilbur to rationally be beckoning him over, and was looking in the complete opposite direction.

Wilbur beckoned again.

“Me?” Ranboo asked, pointing to themselves, and Wilbur shushed them, beckoning a third time, so Ranboo crawled over.

“Take this,” Wilbur said in the most serious voice they had ever heard, holding out a closed fist. Ranboo held out their hand, and Wilbur delicately placed whatever it was into it, pushing it back towards him.

“Make sure Phil doesn’t see,” he warned, and Ranboo - quickly checking that Phil was more bothered by Technoblade now trying to drown Tommy than the fact his other son was trying to sell them drugs or something - hazarded a glance at what they’d been handed.

It was sand.

“Uuh...” Ranboo pushed it around, checking that Wilbur hadn’t hidden anything in it, but Wilbur just hissed at them.

“You’re dropping it!”

“...What is this?” Ranboo asked. Surely Wilbur wouldn’t just give them sand - on a *beach* - and then get mad when they *dropped a bit*, like it wasn’t *everywhere*.

“It’s sand. Have you never seen sand before?” Wilbur said, looking confused.

“Why?” Ranboo asked.

“For eating.”

Oh, that made sense. Ranboo put the handful in their mouth and crunched.

Wilbur watched expectantly as they chewed, a thoughtful look on their face. It took a good while, but eventually they swallowed, pausing to think.

“It leaves a bit of a residue, doesn’t it?” they said, a pinch between their brows.

“That’s the best part,” Wilbur replied. “It leaves a nice crunch throughout the day.”

Ranboo hummed in response.

Wilbur - evidently deciding the conversation was over - shoveled a handful of sand into his own mouth. Ranboo watched him with silent curiosity, before reaching down and copying him, this time with a little less caution.

“Do you like it?” Wilbur asked, excitement evident in his voice.

“It’s not as good as soap, but it’s good,” Ranboo said, taking another small handful. “It’s quite filling.”

Neither of them noticed Tubbo and Technoblade stop trying to drown Tommy, the three of them watching with poorly hidden amounts of horror.

“This is the worst possible outcome,” Technoblade hid his head in his hands.

Tubbo’s face was completely stone-like. “I don’t know whether this is better or not than soap.”

Tommy just went under the water. He’d seen enough.

#### Chapter End Notes

We're free! I remember making this and thinking "haha it'll be a quick little fic that won't take too long to get out" and guess what. I thought the exact same thing about Coriander Hell and look what fucking happened. Anyway I can finally rinse my brain of this fic and free myself to work on other projects, and I've got a couple in the working that might come out at some point.

Usually I wouldn't beg for comments, but it does help me see if anyone is actually reading this, and if there's anything that authors thrive off, it's audience interaction.

With that said, thanks for making it this far :)

End Notes

[The Tumblr post that inspired this thing](#)

[My twitter](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!